

I Ran (So Far Away) by remusjohn

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Summary:

Eddie has always, *always* loved Richie's hands, large and masculine. He'd spent years of his adolescence trying to figure out how to get Richie's hands on him, in any capacity, and spent the last few months doing the same, if not more obviously and much more successfully. They're spread wide on Eddie's hips now, holding him in place.

Eddie laughs, a little shakily, and turns his head to look back at Richie over his shoulder, "Richie, what-"

"*What,*" Richie interrupts him, tugging at the hem of his shorts, "*are these?*"

I Ran (So Far Away)

Eddie had learned to love running when he was fifteen, when it had become one of the more important instances of rebellion against his mother's ever-present coddling. Made all the more necessary when he forgot the other ones, the bigger ones. When he'd left Derry and forgotten his friends with it.

Running had come after—*After*, in Eddie's mind. After forgetting and losing so much of himself, feeling like there was a path to the person he was meant to be and that he'd missed every step of it. The running had come in the After, which is probably the only reason it stuck. Eddie's mother had moved him to New York and given the school the same bullshit she'd hawked at all his schools' administrations in Derry. They'd swallowed it down the same, all except his P.E. teacher (a man known only to the students as Coach), who'd insisted that even if Eddie couldn't participate, he wouldn't spend the year warming the bench. Eddie spent a long winter walking laps around the gym while the other boys played basketball. And when spring came and the class moved outside, Eddie spent his gym period walking the track.

He doesn't know what prompted it, exactly, just that it felt fucking pointless to waste forty minutes every day walking slowly in an aimless circle. So he'd picked up the pace. Started jogging the track and found that he enjoyed the sting in his chest and the stretch of his legs. And then he just- just kept going, kept pushing, chasing the heavy thump of his heart even as the tang of iron colored the underside of his tongue.

Coach had pulled him aside after class one day, told Eddie he'd clocked him at a six minute mile.

"Is that good?" Eddie panted, hand pressed hard to his chest, measuring the quick beat of his heart there.

Coach appraised him silently while Eddie tried not to fidget under his gaze.

"Listen, Kaspbrak. The spring track season just started. You're a little

late to join, but there's not all that much to catch up on."

Eddie had stared at him dumbly.

"I- My mother-"

"Your mother will need to sign a permission slip," Coach interrupted him, staring down at him shrewdly. He said the next part very slow. "All we need is a signature, and you're cleared for the season. Just a signature. Got it, kid?"

Eddie nodded at him, was handed a permission form, and was sent on his way. Eddie sat under the warm glow of his desk lamp and spent a half hour forging his mother's signature that night behind the locked door of his bedroom. He found Coach before the first bell rang the next morning, handed him the paper, and tried not to tap his foot too obviously. Coach didn't even look at the form. Just pocketed it, dug out a royal blue penny with the school's emblem printed across the chest and a matching pair of shorts from the cabinet in his office, and Eddie was on the track team.

It was the first thing he'd done for himself since leaving Derry and everything he cared about behind with it. His mother found out eventually, of course, had found his uniform buried in his hamper underneath a mountain of polos and chinos. She'd yelled, and she'd cried, and Eddie had grit his teeth and told her under no uncertain terms that he was not quitting the track team. Eventually she'd abated when he'd agreed to start carrying his inhaler again, and that was fine, Eddie thought. Probably for the best, anyway. Just because it'd been a while since he'd had an asthma attack, doesn't mean it wasn't safer to have it on-hand just in case.

The thought makes Eddie feel a little bitter now, knowing that he'd let his mother have so much—take so much of him and mold the pieces into something she wanted. But it didn't much matter, not anymore. Eddie had filled his last inhaler prescription in Derry and had left the thing smoldering and probably-not-burning deep underground, buried with everything else he'd left behind there.

Strenuous exercise was very much not encouraged during the many weeks Eddie spent recovering from the massive hole torn into his

side. But yesterday finally, *finally*, Eddie had been given the okay from his physical therapist to start jogging again (“*Jogging*, Eddie. Not running, and no long hikes. Start easy, okay?”). So Eddie woke up eagerly that morning just after 6, because God knew Los Angeles was unbearable after the sun got any higher in the sky. He’d smiled as Richie grumbled next to him in bed, eyes squeezed shut against the beginnings of daylight filtering in through the windows. Eddie kissed the corner of his mouth, ran a hand over the back of his hair to gentle him back to sleep, and whispered that he’d be back soon.

He retrieved his running gear from where it had been shoved into the back of his dresser since he’d first unpacked, and changed quickly in the low light. He hurried out the front door. The air was mild, if not exactly cool, but there was a breeze rolling off the ocean that pleasantly soothed at his flushed cheeks. He tried his best to take it easy, but reveled in the feeling of his chest lighting up all the same. He felt his heart pumping diligently to work the blood into his arms and legs, and felt loose, lighter than he had in weeks.

Forty minutes later he completes his circuit and rounds back on the house, breathing heavily. He checks the mostly healed wound at his side while he catches his breath and is happy to find that he doesn’t feel much of anything, save for the slight ache in his chest that is probably down to him being out of shape more than anything else. He stands at the front door for a moment, lets the breeze cool his sweat damp skin before heading back inside.

He finds Richie on the couch nursing a truly huge cup of coffee and working at some notes on his laptop.

“Hi,” Eddie says, a little breathless, and leans over the couch to kiss the top of his head before heading to the kitchen.

“Hi yourself,” he hears Richie say, grumpy, tone holding no real malice. Eddie opens the refrigerator and bends down to retrieve a pitcher of water. “Is there a reason you decided to wake up at ass o’clock in the morning today or was that just a... just a slight at- at me, personally...”

Richie trails off lamely. Eddie turns around, glass held up to his mouth, and finds Richie gaping at him, mouth parted.

Eddie lowers the glass, wipes at his mouth with the back of his hand and says, "What?"

"What?" Richie repeats lightly, blinking dumbly at him from behind his glasses.

Eddie huffs, still breathing heavily from his run, and rolls his eyes. "Okay, sorry," he says, pushing off from the counter. "Clearly we're not firing on all cylinders yet." He leaves the glass on the counter and eyes Richie weirdly. "We can go get breakfast in a bit if you want, I'm just gonna take a shower real quick."

But Eddie had clearly miscalculated Richie's alertness, because before he makes it out of the kitchen, Richie is off of the couch and pressed up behind him, crowding him into the kitchen island.

"No," Richie says in his ear, voice low. "You're not."

Eddie shivers against him.

Eddie has always, *always* loved Richie's hands, large and masculine. He'd spent years of his adolescence trying to figure out how to get Richie's hands on him, in any capacity, and spent the last few months doing the same, if not more obviously and much more successfully. They're spread wide on Eddie's hips now, holding him in place.

Eddie laughs, a little shakily, and turns his head to look back at Richie over his shoulder, "Richie, what-"

"*What*," Richie interrupts him, tugging at the hem of his shorts, "are *these*?"

Eddie huffs out another laugh and glances down at his bright red shorts, getting it then.

"These are my running shorts, Rich," he tells him. He tries to grind back against Richie, to find some friction and tease him a little bit (a little bit *more*, apparently), but Richie holds him firmly in place, not allowing an inch. Eddie wonders vaguely if Richie will leave bruises where his fingers are pressed tightly into his hips and feels himself flush warmly at the thought.

Richie begins mouthing hotly at the side of Eddie's neck and it's a little gross, Eddie can feel the sweat damp around his hairline, but he leans into it all the same. He squirms in Richie's grasp, fingers flexing where they're braced against the island counter.

"Why are your shorts so fucking short, Eds?" Richie whines into his neck, nipping softly at the skin below Eddie's ear. "That's, like, ten different ways to unfair. Do you have any idea what you're doing to me?"

"I do *now*," Eddie says, grinning, gasping around the words as Richie sucks hard at the skin just above his collar. "You gonna- you gonna do anything about it?" He asks, and it's less controlled, more breathy than he'd intended, but it's worth it because Richie *growls* against his neck and releases his grip on Eddie's hip to bring his hand up to Eddie's neck, tilt Eddie's head back onto his shoulder and shove two fingers into his mouth.

Eddie moans around Richie's fingers, and if he wasn't halfway to hard already, he's certainly there now. Richie snakes his left hand around Eddie's waist and pulls him closer, finally grinding his dick up against the cleft of Eddie's ass.

Eddie's tongue swirls against Richie's fingers until he squeezes Eddie's jaw and pulls them out. Eddie braces himself against the counter and tells him, voice rough, "You're a dick."

"Yeah," Richie says, and Eddie can hear the smile in it. "And you're fucking hot for it, babe."

Richie trails his fingers along the waist of the shorts, around Eddie's back, and slips his hand underneath the waistband. His spit slick fingers press against Eddie's hole, circling the rim and pressing in just a little, enough to make Eddie's breathing run ragged.

"A huge fucking dick," Eddie gasps out, arching back into the touch.

"Oh, now you're just flattering me," Richie says, and the bastard is definitely laughing now.

"Oh my Guh-od," Eddie groans, stuttering around the word as Richie

presses more insistently, eliciting a broken moan.

Then all of a sudden Richie's fingers are gone and he's spinning Eddie around. He grips two handfuls of his ass and grinds down against Eddie roughly, head bowed over his shoulder, leaving Eddie's hands to scrabble uselessly at Richie's shoulders.

Richie pulls Eddie in closer and Eddie ruts needily against his thigh, feeling hot all over, sweaty from his run and now, this too. Richie hisses lowly around a grin and pulls back just enough so that they're face to face, mouths only an inch apart. Eddie is still breathing heavily, for an entirely different reason now. He tilts his chin, angling to capture Richie's mouth in a kiss, but Richie holds back, still grinning. Eddie swallows down a whine and tries not to look back too desperately at him.

"I need to fuck you in your running shorts, Eddie," Richie says seriously. And it's a good thing he's still got a grip tight on his ass, because stupidly Eddie feels his knees go weak.

Eddie does kiss him then, grabbing Richie's face and all but biting into his mouth, taking back some control of the situation. Their tongues push and slide against each other, and Eddie sighs into the kiss. He kisses him slower, softer, and Richie's hands move up to his lower back, pulling him closer. The kiss gentles as Eddie's hands slide down to rest against Richie's chest. He pulls back just a little, watches Richie reach down for him even as his eyes are still closed. Eddie smiles and kisses him again, once, softly, before pulling back more fully, and waits for Richie to open his eyes.

Richie's pupils are blown wide and dark. He watches Eddie, lips parted slightly, and he's the one breathing heavy now.

Kissing really does it for him, Eddie has found. Richie talks a big game, and admittedly, his follow-through is pretty great too, but Eddie can turn him into mush with a heavy make out session. He thinks it's the romantic in him. As much as Richie talked about sex when they were younger, Richie had confessed that the one thing he'd really dreamed of doing was getting to *kiss* Eddie. It's something Eddie delights in exploiting on a semi-regular basis.

“Sap,” Eddie tells him, smiling.

“I love you,” Richie says. And it doesn’t sound quite so pained as it had the first couple of weeks, quite so desperate, but there’s an earnestness there, still, that makes Eddie’s heart ache.

“I know,” Eddie says, and leans up to kiss him again, quickly, then says, “Take me to bed, Richie.”

And Richie, to his credit, does not need to be told twice. He grabs Eddie’s hand and pulls him into the bedroom, tugging insistently at Eddie’s shirt until he pulls it off, leaving it in a heap at the bedroom door. Richie kisses him again, then pulls back to look at him, eyes tracking his hands as they smooth over Eddie’s shoulders and back down over his chest and stomach.

“You are so fucking sexy, Eds,” he says, eyes roving hotly over Eddie’s body. “*Running shorts*, what the fuck, dude.”

And the attention is flattering, if not a little embarrassing, so Eddie snaps his fingers up in front of his face to bring Richie back to earth.

“Focus, Tozier.”

Richie’s hands settle back at his waist and he meets Eddie’s gaze, eyes only flickering down once to sneak another quick look. Eddie rolls his eyes, but smiles all the same.

“How do you want me?” he asks, and *that* certainly gets Richie’s attention.

“Uh,” Richie says while Eddie raises an eyebrow at him. “On your knees, on the bed.”

“Attaboy,” Eddie says, grinning, and does what he’s told.

He stretches out on the bed, showing off a little, and bites back a grin at the strangled noise Richie makes behind him. He settles down on his elbows as Richie climbs over him, trailing kisses up his vertebrae. Richie leans over him, fumbles at the bedside table drawer and pulls out their bottle of lube. He doesn’t open it yet, just leaves it on the sheets beside them.

Richie leans away and tugs insistently at Eddie's hips, pulling him until his ass is in the air, back arched. Richie grips his hips again, tight so his hands don't slide across his sweat damp skin, fingers easily finding the grooves they'd pressed into earlier. He pulls Eddie back, grinding his dick up against Eddie's ass.

Eddie pushes back into him, humming as his eyes flutter closed, says, "Stop fucking teasing me, Richie, come on."

Richie *tsk's* behind him but he doesn't say anything else, just leans away again and Eddie hears the rustle of fabric as he tugs his sweatpants down. Then Richie's back, leaning against him and rubbing his dick against his ass, the thin fabric of Eddie's shorts the only layer between them now.

Eddie moans and presses backward. Richie's dick feels hot and big, rutting up against him. His hands span the entire sides of his hips where they're gripped tight, and his torso weighs Eddie down where he's spread across his back. Richie is just *big*, everywhere, all over, and Eddie is fucking crazy for it—likes when Richie throws his weight around a bit, holds him down and grips him tight. Richie doesn't treat Eddie like he's fragile, he never has, and Eddie will always be grateful to him for it.

Richie pulls away again, Eddie thinks to grab the lube, but Richie just tugs at his hips, pulling him up a bit so he can move to straddle his knees. And he's crawling right up behind Eddie, and his hands slide down from his hips to grasp at the tops of his thighs, pressing them tightly together. And then Eddie feels the tip of Richie's dick nudge against the back of his thighs, and oh. *Oh*.

Richie slides his dick into the gap between Eddie's thighs, hands holding his legs together, and lets out an *obscene* moan. And *fuck, okay, I can work with this*, Eddie thinks a little wildly as Richie's hips find a quick pace. Eddie clenches his thighs together and Richie moans brokenly behind him. The slide of Richie between his legs is rougher without lube, but Eddie's sweat slick thighs mixed with the smear of precum make it easier, and it's *disgusting*, actually, should gross Eddie out completely, but at the moment he's helpless to find it anything but stupidly hot.

Richie loses his grip on Eddie's thighs. Eddie loosens them a bit and when he does, Richie's dick presses up against the fabric of his shorts, rubbing up against his balls. Eddie moans, loud and unselfconscious, and Richie curses behind him, pressing up again.

Then he pulls back, fingers hooking under the waistband of Eddie's shorts, and pulls them down to bunch up under the curve of his ass.

"Eddie," Richie says behind him, sounding broken, sounding *wrecked*. "Eddie, what the fuck?"

Eddie looks at him over his shoulder and despite how turned on he is, how glazed over he feels, he still manages to grin at the expression on Richie's face.

"What?" he asks around a laugh.

Richie puts both hands on Eddie's ass and meets Eddie's eyes, looking entirely desperate.

"You're not wearing any underwear," he says like the world is ending.

Eddie grins at him.

"Do you know how much bacteria can grow when you sweat in tight underwear?" He says, wiggling his ass a little.

Richie groans pathetically behind him. "Why is you talking about bacteria so sexy?" he whines, and squeezes Eddie's ass.

"Sounds like a you problem," Eddie says, turning forward to lean back down against his elbows. "Are you gonna fuck me now?"

"In a second," Richie mumbles, and then he sits up on his knees and slides his dick up in between the cheeks of Eddie's ass.

"Oh, *fuck*," Eddie says, out loud this time. Richie leans over him again, his shirt rucked up against Eddie's bare back, and Eddie realizes all at once that Richie is still mostly clothed, and it shouldn't be as much of a turn on as it is, but like everything with Richie, Eddie is just kind of turned on *all the time*.

Richie fucks up against him, again and again, and it's so *close* to where Eddie wants it, he can't help the keening moans that tumble from his mouth. He's so hard by this point that he's aching with it, and he reaches down to relieve some of the pressure, but Richie grabs his wrist and holds it down against the bed, says low in his ear, "No, baby, not yet." Eddie whimpers, heart pounding in his chest, and *fuck*, fucking shit, Eddie loves him.

Richie leans back a little to adjust his balance, trusting that Eddie won't touch himself. But his hips shift slightly, and his dick slips, and the head slides up right against Eddie's hole, and Eddie *sobs* at the sensation, immediately pressing backward to find it again.

"Richie," he says, whines, cries, "*please*, please fuck me. Please, Richie."

"*Fuck*," Richie says with feeling, and there will almost certainly be bruises on Eddie's hips tomorrow, he's holding him so tight. "Yeah. Yeah, okay, baby, I've got you." Richie pulls away and struggles out of the rest of his clothes. He pulls his sweatpants fully off and manages to only get a little tangled in his t-shirt. And then finally, *finally* Eddie hears the click of the bottle of lube opening, of Richie spreading it onto his fingers behind him.

Richie shuffles backwards and Eddie shifts his legs a little wider, the elastic of his shorts straining where they're tugged down around his thighs. Richie's left hand comes up to rest on Eddie's waist, and he feels Richie's lips press kisses against his lower back. A slick finger circles his rim slowly and then pushes inside, massaging in and out until it's buried to the knuckle, and then Richie pulls out all the way and adds a second.

Eddie sighs against the feeling while Richie stretches him, scissoring his fingers. Richie continues to pepper kisses across his back, the thumb of his free hand rubbing circles against his hip. He crooks his fingers and Eddie moans. He feels it when Richie smiles against his back. Richie pulls out completely then, gets some more lube, and gives Eddie three fingers. He kisses up his back and then just rests his forehead there, breathing with Eddie while his fingers work him open.

Eddie's hand scrabbles backwards and finds Richie's free hand, tangling their fingers together on the sheets. Eddie likes this part best. It's intimate in a way he never found sex to be, before Richie. Eddie feels undeniably safe, here with him, quiet and breathing together, skin pressed up against skin while Richie takes him apart with his fingers.

Eddie lets out a string of quiet whimpers while Richie insistently works his fingers deeper inside him. Richie curls his fingers again and Eddie may actually be on the verge of tears at this point. Richie seems to understand this in the broken sound Eddie makes, because he pulls his fingers out then and sits up. There's the sound of the lube again as Richie slicks himself up, and then he's there, everywhere Eddie needs him—a hand at Eddie's waist, his chest pressed up against Eddie's back, the blunt head of his dick pushing inside him.

Eddie pushes back against him, and slowly Richie bottoms out. They breathe together for a second. Richie's hand finds Eddie's again in the sheets and he laces them together. He leaves lazy kisses on the back of Eddie's neck and shoulders until Eddie sighs around his name, and that's all the permission he needs to move his hips.

Richie starts slow, taking his time. He presses one last kiss to the back of Eddie's neck before he sits up, pulling Eddie's hips back with him. Eddie whines, but then the angle's better, and when Richie fucks into him, Eddie feels it everywhere inside of him. Eddie arches his back and keens at the feel of it, and then just doesn't stop, really, whimpering with the force of each slow thrust.

Eddie's dick is so hard, still trapped inside his shorts, the elastic digging in just this side of painful where it's stretched to pull down under the swell of his ass. Richie grinds in deep and Eddie moans at the sensation, feels the pulse of precum that follows, his dick dripping with it now. "*Richie*," Eddie whines, and Richie seems to get it, that beautiful bastard, because his hand comes up and palms Eddie through the shorts, making him gasp and grind back onto Richie's dick.

Richie's hand dips below the waistband and wraps tight around his dick, palm still slick from the lube he'd used on himself. He jerks Eddie off in lazy strokes, thumb coming up to swipe over the head

and press into the slit, spreading the precum there, and repeating, again and again.

“Rich- Richie,” Eddie tries, grinding back against him. Eddie’s hand comes up to replace Richie’s on his dick, and he says, “I really need you to fuck me now.”

Richie groans and sits up straighter, both hands coming back to steady himself on Eddie’s hips. And then he pulls back slow and fucks in hard, and Eddie gasps, and he feels so full like this, feels so good, he doesn’t know how it could get better. But then Richie does it again, and then again, and, *Oh, right. That’s the trick.*

Richie sets a quick pace, adjusts the angle and, “*Fuck, Richie, right there, fuck-*”

“Come on, Eds,” Richie says low in his ear. His hips snap forward, again and again, and Eddie’s whole body rocks with it. He feels his orgasm building inside of him, heat coiling at the pit of his stomach. Eddie’s free hand clutches at the sheets.

“I want you to come for me now, baby. Make a real mess of these shorts, come on.”

Richie punctuates his words with one particularly deep thrust and Eddie cries out, spilling over his hand.

“*Baby,*” Richie says brokenly, pressing a sloppy kiss to the back of his neck. He fucks Eddie through it, shallower than before but faster too, chasing his own release. Eddie presses back and clenches around him and Richie sobs out a broken, “*Fuck,*” and comes inside him, both of their bodies rocking with it.

They breathe together, Richie’s hand coming up to tangle with Eddie’s in the sheets. Then Eddie squirms underneath him, pressing back against him where Richie’s plastered over his back, and Richie groans lowly but sits up all the same.

He pulls out slowly, making a wet squelching sound as he does, and Eddie can feel his come beginning to dribble out of him. “*Eds,*” Richie whispers, sounding just short of awestruck. And then there’s the

feeling of two fingers pressing back into him, making Eddie gasp and whine.

“Sorry,” Richie whispers from somewhere far away, but doesn’t make any move to remove his fingers. He presses them slowly in and out, feeling his own come inside of him.

“Oh, fuck you,” Eddie says, breathy. He pushes back against Richie’s fingers. “Don’t stop.”

“*Fuck*, you’re hot,” Richie says. He presses a kiss between Eddie’s sweaty shoulder blades and continues to finger him lazily. After a few minutes, Eddie’s dick seems to catch wise to what’s going on and it *hurts*, so Eddie whines lowly in the back of his throat and Richie finally pulls out. He wipes his hand on the sheets beside him, which Eddie will definitely yell at him about later, but can’t really find the will to do so now.

Richie pulls Eddie’s shorts back up over the swell of his ass and gives it a firm slap, making Eddie yelp, before collapsing down beside him, giving Eddie a sleepy grin.

“You’re an asshole,” Eddie tells him even as he crawls over, slotting one leg over Richie’s and draping an arm across his chest, settling his head against the crook of his shoulder.

“I know,” Richie says.

“I love you,” Eddie says into his skin.

“I know,” Richie says again. Then, after a pause, because he can’t help it, “I love you, too.”

Eddie grins against his chest.

“Sap.”

Author’s Note:

Still talking about reddie [@anderbum](#)